

# Young Love

**BASIC BLACK:**  
Leather Feels  
Hot On Her  
Skin!



**PITSTOP PUSSY:**  
Her Cylinder's Waiting  
Just For A Hot Piston!

**PUMPING FLESH:** She  
Wants To Exercise  
YOUR Love Muscle!



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## EDITORIAL

Love is lovelier the younger it gets! We find that the erotic and sensual stimulation provided by fantasies of younger women can be a most powerful aphrodisiac indeed, and from the response in reader mail we get each day here at our headquarters, you think so too.

This issue, we cover the field, from a sweet young thing who's obsessed with hot racing machines, to a sweet young fairy tale that puts a whole new slant on the old "Mirror, Mirror On The Wall" fantasy tale... since this mirror isn't on the wall... it's on the ceiling!

We also publish the results of your graciously given reader poll surveys, and allow you to compare your own preferences with those of your peers. All in all, another classic issue for those who are young at heart, and whose hearts and cocks throb at the thought of young, young love. Enjoy!

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**YOUNG LOVE No. 16 August 1985 0040-B**

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Laurenz Novell



**W**hen the black and white checker-board flag drops, this young lass finds that her panties get wet. Only one thing gets her more hot than the sights and sounds of roaring car engines racing around the track at dangerous speeds. She likes her fucking fast too.

Before she even knew the word "masturbation," she had been playing with herself while watching car races on TV. As an adult, she figured there must be a peculiar sympathy between the sound frequencies of fast



engines and her inner ear that made her almost cum with excitement.

As a teenager, she was once offered a chance to make love in the honeymoon suite at a major hotel by the son of the hotel owner, but she insisted that they make love in the back seat of his car with the motor running.

She tried racing cars herself, but could not

P	I	T	S	T	O	P
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concentrate enough to be safe. She couldn't even parallel park because her clit started tingling at four miles an hour.

But now she has a job that allows her to be close to her interests. She works as part of a pit crew at a major racetrack. When the driver pulls in, she gives him a handjob but stops before he can come—which brings his alertness up to 100%—especially knowing that she will fuck him and give him a blowjob if he wins the race. Her track record is getting pretty good and even the local drivers who don't know about the sexual arrangement

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**SHE PLAYS WITH  
HERSELF WHILE  
WATCHING CAR RACES  
ON TV!**

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call her "The Lucky Charm."

While the driver whizzes round and round the track, she gives blow jobs to the pit crew, but only after they have prepared the oil, replacement tires, et cetera, that they will need to use on the car during the pitstop.

She's been freelancing her fast lane fucking for many furlongs, but she just signed an exclusive contract with Blue Parrot Motors and will not only be fucking the drivers and pitcrew but the executives there and the executives at the gas station companies that Blue Parrot hopes to carry their products, but she's not sure she'll renew after a year if

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**HER CLIT STARTS TO  
TINGLE AT FOUR MILES  
PER HOUR!**

---



it means she gets fucked less often. Just in case she can't get the fuckees to leave their boardrooms, she's bought a small recorder with a headset and has stereo tapes of her favorite car races.

The contract doesn't start for a few

months yet, so she's still getting lube jobs regularly at the Passion Pits of her favorite track. Those human pistons still go up and down on her. That high octane cum still fills her tank. She's still sucking those camshafts. She's still fucking and sucking and mastur-









bating and sometimes she wonders "Is that all there is?"

That may worry you. You may think she won't get around to you before she gets "mature" and becomes a dental hygienist or a legal secretary or a school teacher or a politician (I include the latter for the benefit of the billions of feminists I know read this publication regularly). You're worried that you won't have time to get a driver's license, buy a car, soup it up, train a little, find out what track she works or just find Blue Parrot Motors (assuming this publication hasn't changed the name for legal reasons) before she goes straight.









# *Getting ready for beddy-bye*

**B**y day she's a hard-working dental hygienist trying to seem amused when a cute guy asks her why she looks so down in the mouth. When a guy at least has the good sense to say, "You must hear that a lot," or, "I know that's a corny joke," she sometimes

tells him that she'd like him to clean HER teeth with nature's toothpaste—that salty white toothpaste that comes out of an excited dick when the right oral hygiene specialist licks the sides and then savors the top, while stroking the sides.





By night, she has almost no social life (except Saturdays, when she either goes bar-hopping or gets her oral prophylaxis in the manner just described). Surprisingly, she's too tired, what with helping the dentist fill cavities and when a patient cancels at the last minute and they're not already behind in their schedule, having the dentist fill HER cavity.

She goes home to her little apartment, waves hello to the handsome stud from upstairs who usually dumps his voluminous garbage around that time, maybe chats with that cute offbeat guy from down the hall, who usually tells her about the latest movie he saw—usually making fun of it in a very funny way, comes in, turns on the fan and gets comfortable in her striped T-shirt and briefs.

---

**IN HER FUZZY  
LONGJOHNS, SHE  
DREAMS OF LONG JACKS,  
BILLS, AND FRED'S  
FUCKING HER SILLY!**

---







Then she turns on the radio or watches a TV show she videotaped during the day—okay, it's a soap opera—and jacks off, imagining fucking a rock star, a DJ or the chief of detectives on that favorite soap.

She looks around the room. She's always felt insecure about inviting a man here, ever since one man made fun of her stuffed animal collection. Now she either goes to the man's apartment or just stays home with Po-





laris, her stuffed polar bear. When she was younger, a boy she knew in school won this stuffed polar bear by throwing baseballs at milk bottles at a concession stand on the pier. She thought she was in love with him then and soon they were in his room, taking turns giving each other head.

Ah, to daydream of those first times experiencing a man there, though really he was just a boy. To taste that shaft, to guzzle down that hot white spunk, to feel it slide down her throat. Those were perfect days. Those razy, hazy, spacey days of summer. To feel a strange tongue on her pussy—in hindsight, totally lacking in technique, but so full of good intentions that it (he) could do no wrong.

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**SHE LOVES THE GULLING  
OF HOT WHITE SPUNK AS A  
MAN'S SHAFT SLIDES  
DOWN HER THROAT!**

---







ly raped her stuffed polar bear during her daydreaming.

Then, trying to turn off her sexual feelings (and failing) she slips into her yellow fuzzy sleepers or her pink Dr. Dentons with the flap and goes to sleep, dreaming of a "sandwich" with the Brain and the Body next door

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## **SHE LOVES TO FILL HER CAVITIES WITH HOT, PINK FLESH!**

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## **IN HER STRIPED SHIRT AND SHORTS, SHE JERKS OFF TO FANTASIES OF ACTORS, ROCK STARS, OR EVEN HER DENTIST!**

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She had in fact been thinking of giving him her cherry as a birthday present when he dumped her to start going with a girl with big boobs and a reputation for going all the way.

She had cried for weeks over that, though she smiles now, knowing that at the time that other girl was very religious and didn't go all the way with anyone and is now a rabid feminist dyke. Not a friendly lesbian you could invite to a party. Not a feminist that someone calls a dyke to write her off as an idiot. And not just a rumor because she had propositioned every woman at the reunion and told them that men were a waste of time and were obsolete now that there are test tube babies.

Revenge is sweet, but cum is sweeter. She usually thinks of those two neighbors then snaps out of it realizing she has virtual-













# BASIC BLACK

**I**'m only feeling a LITTLE sexy today, which is good for whoever I bring back here to fuck tonight. Hopefully tonight my date won't have to leave with the paramedics!

You can usually tell how horny I am by how much black I'm wearing. I know I look hot in black. Tonight I'm hardly feeling horny at all. I may get by with just four hours of actualy bouncing up and down on a guy's stiff prick after, oh, an hour or two of sucking it.

Even though it's not black, I like this outfit. Magenta's a pretty hot color too, though it doesn't look as dangerous as I perceive myself to be. I think I like the zipper down the middle best. When a guy at the bar grabs the top of the zipper and pulls it down, even just a little as a joke, I know I have the man for me. (Not every woman likes this, readers, so read us! Look us in the eye and see if the eyes say "Yes," "No," "I dare you" or "I'm busy; call back later, leave your name and number at the sound of the tone.")

Soon it'll be back to my place to recline in my hot, black leather recliner, letting it cool

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**"I JUST RIP DOWN MY ZIPPER AND PEEL OFF MY MAGENTA LEOPARDSKIN TO GET DOWN TO CASES!"**

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**"I LOVE THE FEEL OF THE  
COOL LEATHER ON MY  
HOT TAN SKIN!"**

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from time to time by fucking on the floor. Must be careful not to be too much of a fire hazard, you know! I used to get so fucking annoyed at how often I set off the smoke detector!

You think this is all bragging? You think I'm all mouth and no pussy? Well, then, try me! I dare you. No, on second thought, don't bother. No, on third thought, maybe I'll hunt YOU down. You'd better never throw this magazine away because I have a friend at the City Dump and he'll get back every copy that's thrown away and bring it to me and then I'll use an FBI contact to go through the Department of Motor Vehicles and trace your fingerprints. I hope you don't have a heart condition, because I'll go through you like tissue paper. See you around, when you least expect it!

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**"I DO GET THE CHAIR  
KINDA STICKY, BUT WHAT  
THE HELL!"**

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# PUMPING FLESH



**R**ockstars have their groupies, soap stars have their soapies, and weightlifters have their weight-resses. Okay, okay, there's no real word for them yet, but the phenomenon is growing (as are the dicks of the musclemen) so it's only a matter of time before a term is found.

Not that all the women who dig deltoids are musclebuilders themselves. This young lass is only interested in the muscle a man will put inside her. Some say they prefer muscular men because they stay in better health. Some like them better for their stamina—their ability to go on and on for hours. Some

just say, "You like big boobs. Well, I like big chests too."

Then there's just the relaxed atmospheres of the beach and the gym where these barbell-bees are likely to meet these clean-and-jerk jerks. Bitter? Who me? Just because I can't do a single chinup? Just because I'm not one of the lucky few who gets to rip off those b kinis whenever I want to, as my brain-damaged buddy Phil says he gets to do? Don't be ridiculous!

I don't envy the fact that he gets to work out with weights for one hour and then he gets to fuck and lick and fondle the tits of al-







most any brawn-brained bumbo on the beach for two hours. No, I'm not buying fake barbells that look heavy but actually weigh only two pounds to start huffing and puffing and then fucking and sucking. I hate sand between my toes and up the crack in my ass. It's just not worth it and besides, I wouldn't know where to buy them.

So what if Phil says he envies the fact that I get plenty of sleep instead of fucking all night long? So what if Phil says I'm lucky that I always know that if a woman likes me, it's for my mind? I tell you, Phil is lucky he is that muscular, because making cracks like that, I'd otherwise be tempted to knock his block off. And rip his cock off. (Well, no not really. But he can piss me off more with his compliments than his insults. I used to think I was hanging around him to get his leftovers, but when he's through, there's nothing left. I just ended up loaning him a lot of money to give to those beach bunnies as cabfare home.)

I have another friend who runs a health club and only suits up when he sees a chick that interests him. The rest of the time he spends doublechecking the books and the advertising, while keeping tabs on the action with two-way mirrors and closed circuit TVs. He had to give up the ones in the women's shower room because they kept getting steamed up.





He's a braggart too. He said he bench-pressed two dames last week. I don't know if he meant at once or one at a time.

This dame here USED to be my girlfriend. Then she moved on to Phil and then on to every weightlifter on the beach. She's driving up the coast this month, trying to fuck them all. Some of them are gay or asexual, but she persists and she hasn't admitted failure on any of them yet. Some of them she just says she'll try again with on her drive back.

She used to be so quiet. Seldom made any noise when we made love. Liked to make love while we played records and I always heard every word of the lyrics. But when she makes love to a bodybuilder she screams. I don't think it was me. I think it's all mental. These male strip joints and magazines with men in the centerfolds; they warped her mind. That's all it is. Gosh, I wish I could taste her pussy again. Damn.



# READER SURVEY RESULTS

Well, the results of the famous Briarwood reader survey are ready to be shared at last with all you lovers of not-so-proper young ladies, and we thank you for your help in reaching our conclusions. We really do care about your preferences, and if you haven't yet taken part in the survey, do it right away!

Briarwood is the only company to so extensively research its market (namely young girl fans like YOU), and that's the reason why we're the best. On with the surveys!

By an overwhelming majority you are male (94%) in the mid-20's to late 30's age group (87%) and are about evenly split between married and unmarried status (48% vs. 52%) and most of the female respondents, by the way, wrote to tell us that they were married and enjoyed the way husbands enjoyed our books. Thank you ladies!

You tend to be from rural areas rather than urban ones, but usually within 75 miles of a major metropolis such as New York, Atlanta, Chicago, San Francisco, or L.A., our home base. Many of you wrote to tell us of how difficult it often is for you to get our books, driving into more decaying areas of major cities to go to adult stores, and quite a few of you expressed your dismay at the rude and unhelpful attitude of the store clerks. We truly do sympathize, friends, and will do our part to honor the good fellows who work in adult bookstores in the hope that the others will learn by their examples.

Now, on to the results!

## WHAT YOU WANT:

When it comes to photos, you all want to see much younger looking girls, but many of you have different ideas about what that means. For example, while you seem to understand that all our models must legally be 18 years of age, very few of you (19%) like the use of stuffed animals, lollypops, etc. as props to suggest youth. You do like little girl's clothes however (79%) and want more cheerleader suits, school uniforms, knee socks, and the like.

A few of you had the idea that we might show the little darlings in their "mommy's" lacy undies, and that might be interesting and we'll discuss it with our staff for future issues.

All of you had mixed ideas about anatomical details, with quite a few requesting close-ups of genitals (62%) but the remainder as adamant that without a whole figure, a close-up is merely a biological curiosity.

As to our stories, we regret that most of you do not appear to read them (84%), however you all have opinions on them which makes the stat suspect. About 75% of you feel that the stories should be shorter than they currently are, but all of you want more and more explicit sex in them (an overwhelming 97%) and of course want them to follow the photo story lines.

We are sad to say that almost nobody (3%!!) likes the idea of drawings and other art in our magazines, and that we wish you felt otherwise. Ah well, so much for fine art!

And now, we present a sample of your ideas and suggestions.

DB from Texas writes, "I would like to see a centerfold of a pussy only. In color, of course and the model picking up her labia and stretching them out as far as she can making her pussy look like a butterfly. I've seen a few girls who have holes big enough to do this and it is a real turn-on!" Hmmmmmm! What a concept!

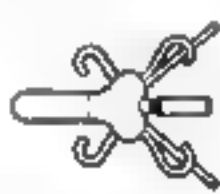
A female reader in Pennsylvania opines, "Instead of seeing the girls with toys and other equipment, I would rather see them in bed with a vibrator, and more shots of them lingering themselves. I love this kind of thing, both as spectator and participant!" Thank you m'am for that insight!

Finally, J.E.G. from Hempstead, New York sings our praises thusly, "You have the classiest little girl magazines coming out of the West Coast. Your photos and portraits of young girls are very stimulating since this is my biggest fantasy, and most of my collection of magazines are Briarwood publications due to your superior quality. I love your choice of pink and blue, etc., colored garments for the girls and especially their pastel colored panties and bras, just like really young girls love to wear and enjoy." Thanks for your support out there in New York J.E.G.!

Until next time, keep those letters and surveys coming, and thanks again from Briarwood.

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Thank you for your responding to our old survey. Your response has been enlightening and we have taken it to heart. Below you will find a new revised version of our survey. Please feel free to submit any suggestions as they remain very valuable to us.

## READERS' SURVEY

In order to be able to bring you an even more interesting magazine, we'd like to know more about you and your preferences. All letters from readers are carefully considered by us. Editors of every publication from the largest to the smallest know that a letter from a reader probably reflects the opinions of 499 other readers who never got around to writing a brickbat or bouquet. Nevertheless, we'd like to hear from the many who just never get around to writing a letter, so we've designed this questionnaire to learn more about you than we know now. If you'd like to offer further comments on the questions, we'd be delighted to read them - just attach a separate sheet. You may send a photocopy of the form if you'd rather not cut the page out of your copy of the magazine. Yes, anonymous answers will be considered - we'll know they reflect opinions of a reader.

### AGE

☐ Male ☐ Female - ☐ Gay ☐ Straight ☐ Bi

☐ Married ☐ Single ☐ Divorced ☐ Other \_\_\_\_\_

### OUR MODELS PORTRAY YOUTHFUL ROLES, HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS?

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Models should look older  
☐ ☐ Do you enjoy seeing photos of models with stuffed  
☐ ☐ animals, toys, lollipops, etc?  
☐ ☐ Photograph models in more mature settings.  
☐ ☐ Have models use more dildos and vibrators.  
☐ ☐ NO CHANGES.

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHS?

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Use more close-ups of model's sexual parts (vagina, etc.)  
☐ ☐ I would like to see more outdoor photos.  
☐ ☐ Use less but larger photos.  
☐ ☐ Use more but smaller photos.  
☐ ☐ NO CHANGES.

On a scale of 1 - 10 with 1 standing as the lowest rating and 10 as the highest rating. How would you rate the photographs in our magazine.

Rating: \_\_\_\_\_

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE MAGAZINE STORIES?

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Do you read the stories?

On a scale of 1 - 10 with 1 standing as the lowest rating and 10 as the highest rating. How would you rate the stories in our magazine.

Rating: \_\_\_\_\_

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YOUNG LOVE No 16 AUGUST 1985

Briarwood Corporation

# Dream-World '85

From a vast collection of adult erotica, Briarwood Corporation brings you the latest in magazines. May your fancy be tales of shaven pussy as found in **TENDER SHAVERS** and **SHAVED PUSSY** or a photo extravaganza as in **288 SHAVED PUSSIES**. But for those who like a little fur we have stories to fulfill your fantasies in **YOUNG SNATCH** and **PEACHFUZZ PUSSIES**. If you're an ass-man we have just the publications

for you as in our photo essays of **300 COTTON PANTIES & BARE BOTTOMS** and **300 YOUNG BUNS** or of stories and photos in **YOUNG BUNS** and **YOUNG PANTIED BOTTOMS**. Or if you like the round firmness of the female breast, stories and photos can be found in **YOUNG TITTER** and in **TENDER YOUNG TITS** or a total pictorial on the female breast in **301 BIG TITS**. For the oriental lover in all of us there are **ORIENTAL DELIGHT** and **LICKIN' ORIENTAL LOVERS**. Because the female body in its entirety is such a grandeur creation we have captured it on film in **300 BABY DOLLS**, **300 YOUNG DARLINGS** and along with their thoughts in **LITTLE LOVING DOLLS**, **YOUNG AND LONELY**, **VIRGIN LOVE**, **YOUNG LOVE** and **BABY DOLLS**. If girl to girl action is what makes you hot, then **CHICK LICKS** is for you! No matter what type of man you might be, ass-man or boob-man, or whatever, let Briarwood take you off to a world of lust and love. . .

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# *Sleeping-around Beauty*



**“M**irror, mirror in my hand, who has the prettiest cunt in the land?” said the evil young queen, making a mother of a goose rhyme.

“Frankly, it’s a matter of taste,” replied the magic mirror.

“Well, mine tastes good like a pussy should!”

“Rumor has it that Slush Caucasian has a tastier one. Four out of five dwarves agree! Slush’s cunt is milder and won’t upset your stomach.”

“Then I will cast a spell upon her.”

“What are you going to do, oh kinkiest of the kinks?”

“Let’s see. I’ll put her to sleep for a hundred years. No, the prince likes to fuck sleeping beauties. Maybe I’ll turn her into an orgre







or a frog. No, the prince likes animals, too. I don't think I raised the kid right."

"How about making her forget who she is?"

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## **THE PRINCE LIKES TO FUCK SLEEPING BEAUTIES, BUT SHE PREFERS TO BE WIDE AWAKE AND WIDE OPEN!**

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"He likes not knowing who he's fucking. She's a commoner and I don't want the Prince falling for a commoner. Did we capture that fairy godmother who was giving away the glass slippers and screwing up our Class System?"

"Yes, she's being gangraped hourly in our dungeons."

"It's too good for her."

"We tried torture, but she liked that better."

"I'll have to think about her a little more then, but for now I have to find a solution to the Slush problem. Are you SURE her pussy tastes better than mine?"



"And she cums in six delicious flavors."

"Maybe I should change her into a guy.  
Then I could hump her."

"I hear that the Prince also likes—"

"That's just a rumor started by a frustrated  
Vicount."

And so, the proud queen cast a spell on  
herself and put on a bright pink sundress and  
a youthful face and long brunette pigtails.  
Then she prepared a sampling of enchanted  
dildos and took a carriage to the home of  
Slush Caucasian.





## SHE THINKS ABOUT HER ENCHANTED DILDO, BUT SETTLES FOR A FINGER OR TWO.

"Can I interest you in a free dildo, my lovely?" she asked when Slush came to the door.

"No, thank you," said Slush. "I never have time for that sort of thing. I live with seven dwarves, though they prefer to be called little people."

"Little people?"

"Well, they're not ALL little. In fact, one of them is taller horizontally than vertically when he has an erection."

"Well, let it fuck him! I'd like to see that!"

"Then come on in! If you can take care of three of the dwarves, maybe I can finally catch up on my housework."

Reluctantly, the queen entered the cottage and was immediately jumped by three dwarves who stuffed their gigantic members in her cunt, ass, and mouth.

"Who'll take care of the odd dwarf?"

"Oh, he just jacks off. He's too bashful to fuck me."

And they all fucked happily every after





Lancaster Fawell











Lorraine Ravell